

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



VOL. 7

NOVEMBER, 1926

NO. 2

ALEMBIC DIRECTORY OF ADVERTISERS (FOR THE PRESENT SCHOLASTIC YEAR)

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Providence College Alembic

VOL. VII.

NOVEMBER, 1926

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Realist and Romantic

He said life was an ugly joke;
Until the soul within him spoke.
"The deepest wonder that can be
Is flung abroad for you to see.
And beauty is so wisely planned
That you can touch it with your hand,
That all the pleasures of the kings
Can still be found in simple things.
What greater satisfaction, say,
Than in your three full meals a day.
How gloriously grand it feels
To daily walk on rubber heels,
To fly along on soundless wings
Without the shock that leather brings.
How radiantly glad you are
To find a seat within a car.
Alas! how little do we prize
The gifts that grow before our eyes.
Weep not for beauty unrevealed
No earthly treasures are concealed,
The loveliness you long to meet
Is somewhere on a city street."
He said life was an ugly joke;
Until the soul within him spoke.

J. C. Hanley, '29.

The Roman Index

LITERARY composition of any form is one of the beautiful powers of the human intellect. Directed towards a noble end, this prerogative of man can attain to really sublime heights. But just as God's pure love has been the inspiration of those men who have created masterpieces of refined literature, so hatred to God or perhaps ignorance has given rise to numerous writings permeated with obscenity. That same ignorance or perversity has saturated many books with all sorts of heretical and anti-social doctrines. Oh, how many tears were shed, how many ideals shattered, how many hearts corrupted by the pen of the unscrupulous writer who used his God-given talent only to caress the basest instincts and ridicule all that is sacred! One may wonder, perhaps, why the Almighty had not paralyzed that hand when it held the pen for the sole purpose of spreading the venom of infidelity or immorality. But let us remember that we are here confronted with man's free will. God's retribution, nevertheless, will be administered when He judges best.

The church, ever eager for the preservation of purity in faith, has used her legislative power, solemnly to condemn publications injurious to the integrity of Christian belief and morality. The Roman Index of Forbidden Books is the outcome of a systematic plan for the official condemnation of pernicious writings. And although the Catholic Church, from Apostolic times has censured certain books, the Roman Index as such, however, was first issued by Paul IV. in 1559. That particular Index remained in force until the publication in 1564 of the Tridentine Index under Pius IV. During the pontificate of Leo XIII. the Tridentine Index was revised and the result is the entire book-legislation of the church, with the exception, however, of particular decrees which are issued when necessary to condemn a particular book.

The titles of all books condemned by special decrees are catalogued in the Index. Besides these titles, numerous other works are

censured by the general decrees. Thus are forbidden: "Books defending heresies, books derogatory to God, the Blessed Virgin, the Saints; books teaching or recommending sorcery, spiritism, Christian Science or other superstitions; books defending as lawful or harmless, freemasonry, divorce, socialism, suicide, duelling; books vilifying the sacraments, the clerical or religious state, the hierarchy, the church; books professedly treating of, narrating or teaching lewdness and obscenity; and those periodicals which regularly and of set purpose attack religion, morality, or propagate anti-Catholic views."

The Index is binding on all Catholics, clergy and laity alike, regardless of their learning, unless permission has been obtained from constituted authority. Scholars firm in the faith, may for lawful reasons obtain a dispensation, from the church's regulation. Curiosity, however, does not constitute a lawful reason. Neither does the suspension of positive law of the church exempt one from the natural law. In other words, even though a person may have the proper dispensation, he may not read certain writings if he realizes that his faith or morals are endangered.

One objection that is usually hurled at the Catholic Church in regard to the Index is the case of Galileo who defended the view that the earth moves on its axis and around the sun. It must be noted that this theory was merely in opposition to the traditional interpretation of certain passages in Holy Scriptures, and the church was not willing to forsake these interpretations without positive proof to the contrary. Galileo was requested by the Jesuit Cardinal Bellarmine to offer proofs for his theory, but Galileo could only furnish a hypothesis. So "the church could wait for the elucidation of a physical system, but she could not allow a change in the universally accepted interpretation of the Scripture, before the necessity of such a change was proved." (Guggenberger, *History of the Christian Era*, Volume II., pp. 456) Moreover, Galileo was condemned by the Holy Office—a Roman congregation which is not infallible, though we must abide by its decisions which are always motivated by the welfare for souls. The decree against Galileo was repealed in 1757.

The penalty for reading a forbidden book without the proper dispensation is excommunication *ipso facto*. Neither is that punishment too severe, for Christ explicitly said: "And, if he (who has been duly admonished) will not hear the church let him be to thee as the heathen and publican." (Math. xviii., 17.) Moreover, what need is there for the common individual to get acquainted with

authors that offer him either poisoning for his intellect or corruption for his heart? Let us not forget that there are in the world innumerable good books that offer to the reader an honest pleasure and a just satisfaction of his thirst for knowledge. And furthermore, there radiates from these clean writings the consolation that comes from a contact with mind that is as humble as it is sublime and from a heart that is tender and immaculate.

Anis Samaan, '27.

November

The gay gifts of April lie dying,
 A carpet for Time's fickle feet,
 The first winds of Winter are sighing
 A mournful and tuneless retreat.

A traitress, supreme in her treasons,
 Who heeds naught of foul or of fair,
 You wander, a slayer of seasons,
 With Death as a rose in your hair.

Then whisper your secret, November,
 So ruthless and rid of regret,
 To one who seems doomed to remember,
 But fain would rejoice and forget.

Gerald J. Prior, '27.

The Fourth Crusade



ANY have been the incidents and narratives told of the great conflict emblazoned in history as the Great World War. As a rule these stories have been of the gruesome and bloody type, with roaring guns and muddy trenches as a predominant background. Perhaps this is the reason why this simple tale, as told by Monsignor Barry-Doyle, priest and soldier, appealed to me. Its simplicity seems to be the cause of the attraction.

Gray streaks of dawn penciled the ebony sky, as the stars fled before the approaching day, and because of the early morning mist very little was discernible. Frequently the stillness of the great camp was broken by an explosive outburst from an early riser, who, wandering about, chanced to collide with tent or camel. Yet the main portion of the regiment was content to sleep until reveille, since the sands were now cooled by the frigid winds of night. Even the camels, untiring horses of the desert, reposed in slumber within the shadow of the great tents.

These rigid sentinels of canvas covered an expanse of many acres, housing the major portion of the British Army, under the famous General Allenby. The entire scene was laid in northwestern part of the Arabian desert, in the vicinity of Jerusalem. After months of laborious work under a scorching sun, they had completed the railroad across the tractless sands, and although retarded by numerous attacks, were waiting to seize the Holy City. For a great part, this contingent was comprised of Irish lads. Imbued with the zeal of the ancient liberators under Richard, the Lion-Hearted, and Godefroy de Bouillon, these sons of Erin, possessing the same faith and burning with a desire to see the sacred city, underwent the most rigorous hardships. Orders had been issued that no blood should be shed. Hence, it was now their third day before the city, waiting some hostile manifestation from the Mussumans. Allenby was undecided what to do, for the position of the Turks was unknown.

The sharp shrill notes of a bugle awakened the slumbering camp. The blanketing mists, however, refused to be dispelled. On all sides

there was a dignified bustle. Groups of subalterns lolled before the officers' mess tent chatting gaily or enjoying their morning smoke. The main topic of conversation was the Holy City, and many were the opinions vented in these various groups. Then, too, this long delay irritated the men who anxiously awaited a glimpse of this famous city, as a reward for the tropical hardships and privations. Some even grumbled.

One young lieutenant in particular, having grown restless from the varying climate, and monotonous diet, stood apart from the chattering group, slowly inhaling the blue fumes from a well-seasoned briar. A sergeant sauntered by, possessing all the snobbish qualities accompanying the rank of a non-commissioned officer. The cocky demeanor of the young fusilier aroused the lieutenant, and half in jest in command, he ordered him to serve boiled eggs for breakfast. Now, it was almost impossible to carry out such an order. For only necessary rations were issued on the expedition. But never daunted, the young soldier, without questioning the order, set out in the enveloping fog, to scour the neighborhood for fresh eggs. A soldier generally succeeds in obtaining whatever he seeks. And surely this young Irish fusilier was no exception to the rule.

Aimlessly, at first, he wandered over the irregular dunes, always peering through the mist for a caravan or hamlet. But walking in the deep sand soon wearied him, and he sat down for a momentary rest. Meanwhile, the great red orb peeped over the horizon, and immediately the watery particles glistened with every color of the rainbow. The climate of the desert is vexingly changeable, so in a very short time, the mist had disappeared, and the sun was mounting the heavens. But what of the Irish sergeant? When the vapors dispersed, he beheld the great walls of the city rising before him, and mindful of his mission, he hastened to its gates.

Like most of these towns of Palestine, the streets were crowded with white-robed Arabs and fezzed Moslem. Yet their number was equalled by venerable patriarchs and Hebrews. Straightaway the sergeant went to a near-by vendor, and purchased his eggs, using the universal language of gold as a barter. He paused a few minutes later in surprise, when a cultured Turk approached and spoke to him in English. And neither was his bewilderment lessened when that gentleman asked him why they had not come in sooner. He then commented on the strategy of the commander, and the efficient work

of the British forces in Egypt. The lad bid a hasty farewell, and with the blessings of Allah ringing in his ears, hastened back to camp.

He reported to the lieutenant, who, upon hearing the story, forgot his eggs, and immediately went in search of his superior officers. Shortly, Allenby had the details. Then taking a picked company and his staff, he set out for Jerusalem, since it was the Holy City the sergeant had visited. Amid the blaring of martial music and shouts of the natives, the British entered the same city where Christ, over two thousand years before, had entered amid glad hosannas and the waving of palm leaves. The Turks received Allenby joyously, and the Mayor tendered him the key of the city. Great celebrations took place on all sides, and it was in this peaceful manner that Jerusalem was finally rescued from the Turks after the futile attempts of three previous Crusades.

J. Lannen, '29.

Nightfall in Gloucester

The sun sinks down o'er Gloucester town,
But many a truant ray
Still sets ablaze the narrow ways,
A parting gift of day.

The ships go down from Gloucester town
To meet the rising tide,
With sides of steel and metal keel,
They brave the waters wide.

The dark slips down o'er Gloucester town,
And spectral barks and gray,
That toured the world with sails unfurled,
Now steal into the bay.

Ships, too, went down from Gloucester town
To meet the rising tide,
And found a grave beneath the wave
Of distant waters wide.

When night slips down o'er Gloucester town,
They who return no more,
In life's gay hosts come back as ghosts
To haunt that once-loved shore.

Gerald J. Prior, '27.

Glimpses of Kilmer



ORE than eight years have elapsed since Kilmer's death—years filled with events both unusual and significant. Ordinarily time is an impartial eradicator of memory. Yet today the memory of Kilmer is fresher, the note of his song sweeter, the effluence of his fame brighter than ever before.

The story of his rise to poetical fame necessitates a brief review of his life. Born in New Brunswick, New Jersey, of Episcopalian parents, claiming a combination of Irish, English and Scotch lineage, Kilmer, as a youth, gave little promise of future greatness. After passing through the preliminary stages of education, he entered Rutgers College from which he was graduated in 1904. Two years later he received his A. B. from Columbia. Immediately following his graduation he proceeded to culminate a romance of college days by marrying Miss Aline Murray of New Jersey. Then we find him, according to that typically Yankee custom, as a teacher, or more specifically, a Latin instructor in the Morristown High School. Pedagogy, must have held no joy for him, however, as he shortly afterwards ventured to New York—armed as of old with pen, paper, and a few verses. In the years immediately following, Kilmer displayed a marked aptitude for variation in his literary efforts to secure a living. Indeed by the time he was twenty-five he had exercised his versatilities as the editor of a horse-racing journal, as a retail book salesman, a lexicographer, a contributing poet, and a book reviewer as well as acting in the capacity of lay-reader in an Episcopalian Church. Following a spell of journalistic endeavor, he produced that masterpiece of verse, "Trees." Thereafter, Kilmer could scarcely find time for the newspaper, magazine, and lecture work which constantly confronted him. A few years later, the United States entered the World War. Having become the father of four children during these years, there was obviously no necessity for his enlisting. Nevertheless he quickly joined the ranks and in due time was sent overseas. Then on July 30th, 1918, the world at large was stunned by the news of his heroic death near Ourcq, France.

As was mentioned above, Kilmer was born an Episcopalian. Late in 1913, however, he astonished his family and his then small circle of friends by entering, together with his wife, the Catholic Church

The manner of his entrance or the steps leading to his conversion are not fully known. Kilmer, with respect to religion as particularized in himself, constantly remained silent and it was only by chance that he was later discovered to be a daily communicant. It is significant to note though that his conversion occurred in the same year in which his infant daughter, Rose, lay critically ill. While only conjecture, still it seems reasonable to believe that the searing test of his spirit, brought about in this manner, definitely determined his choice of religion.

Regardless of the means or manner, his conversion proved itself to be the turning point in his literary as well as his personal life; for it was not until Kilmer became a Catholic that he really became a poet. To prove this, it is only necessary to trace his rise to fame. In doing this we find that his first real piece of poetry was "Trees," the verse that made him famous almost over night. In conjunction with this we discover that the year in which this was written was the same year in which he became a Catholic. In furtherance of this view, we have Kilmer's own words expressed in a letter written from France in which he said, "If that which I now write is poetry, then I became a poet in 1913." Up until then his work had shown some promise, but for the most part it was the note of a gay young troubador eternally singing the songs of love. Potentially he may have always been a poet, but surely it was not until the advent of Catholicity into his life that he actually became a poet.

What then, was the secret of Kilmer's success? Literary experts may offer various solutions, such as his ability to glorify the ordinary or commonplace. Yet in a deeper sense we can ascribe it to but one thing, his character, for in the last analysis a versifier cannot be a poet without true character. Mere words at their best give but a blurred vision of the inmost heart. Thus it was that the character of Kilmer found strength and stability in the mother of all arts, the Church. As one writer so aptly expressed it, "his talent was a winged seed which in the rich soil of Catholicity found fructification."

And once a Catholic, what an intense Catholic, Kilmer became! In everything from politics to faith and morals his viewpoint was openly and unhesitatingly Catholic. In accordance with this it is not to be thought that he assumed a Puritanical attitude in the observance of his newly acquired faith. No, indeed! To Kilmer, piety

and mirth were not at all repugnant. "A convert to Catholicism," he wrote, "is not a person who wanders about weeping over autumn winds and dead leaves, mumbling Latin and sniffing incense. Nor is it necessary to lay aesthetic hands on the church's treasures and decorate rhymes with rich ecclesiastical imaginery and the fragrant names of the saints. But in faith, one may find that purity and strength which are the guarantee of immortality."

The depth of Kilmer's faith is difficult to imagine, let alone be expressed in foolish and uncertain words. Yet one can garner an extremely vague impression of how great it really must have been from his verse. Consider for example, "Multiplication," "Thanksgiving," "Gates and Doors," or "The Robe of Christ." Surely even a cursory reading of these reveal an intensity of faith rivaled only by the saints of the church. To me, however, there is one poem, "Prayer of a Soldier in France," which stands out supreme, which especially demonstrates this basic quality of Kilmer's religion.

My shoulders ache beneath my pack
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back).
I march with feet that burn and smart
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart)
Men shout at me who may not speak
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek).
I may not lift a hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops that sear,
(Then shall my fickle soul forget)
(The Agony of Bloody Sweat)
My rifle hand is stiff and numb,
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come)
Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea.
So let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen.

Who is so stolid as not to be stirred, so weak as not to be strengthened, so base as not to be ennobled by it?

What an enormous loss the church and world suffered when Joyce Kilmer perished on the battlefields of France! In one of his last letters, he wrote to a nun in Toronto: "Pray that I may love God more. It seems to me that if I learn to love God more passionately, more constantly, without distraction that absolutely nothing

else matters. I got Faith, you know, by praying for it. I hope to get Love the same way." If Kilmer had but Faith and produced the poetry he did, how much more wonderful and glorious would his art have become with the acquisition of love!

Kilmer has passed to the land of eternal poetry. All that remains for us is to shout hopefully, with Shakespeare's Antony, peering into the dark chasm of the future, "Whence comes such another?" And only the distant echoes of time will answer.

John F. O'Connell, '28.

The Pyramid Players



THE recognition of the professional stage was given to the Pyramid Players during the past month by Robert LaSeur, chairman of the Theatre Board of Review and associate director of "Autumn Fire."

Addressing a large gathering of the Players in the auditorium of Providence College, Mr. LaSeur congratulated the new organization and urged the members to "hold fast to the principles enunciated in the articles of formation." "The Pyramid Players are planning to do what the professional theatre is unable to accomplish," said Mr. LaSeur. "It is an admitted fact that the professional stage is actuated by a commercial tone that is actually driving art from the theatre and replacing it with a form of comedy that must inevitably become decadent. It is such groups of interested players as the Pyramid Players that is going to force the professional stage to abandon its present policy, replacing it with worth-while productions."

Mr. LaSeur then urged the players to continue the spirit of sacrifice and work already commenced. "It is only by a complete sacrifice that you can continue the ideals already set forth," said the speaker. He then outlined the artistic angle of the drama, stressing the urgency of educating the community and patrons of the players to a proper appreciation of the art in drama.

A reception by members of the players was accorded Mr. LaSeur following his address.

Preparations are now being made for the presentation of three one-act plays. The technical staff of the Players will be tried for the first time, as it is planned to erect a stage in the gymnasium. A staff of scenery painters, electricians, prompters and art staff will assist in the presentations.

An appeal has been issued by Stephen Murray, '27, president of the organization, in which he urges the support of the entire stu-

dent body to the Players and solicits their attendance at the presentations. President Murray also announced that membership in the Players is open to every student at Providence College. "There is an erroneous impression prevalent, that membership in the Players depends upon the payment of an admission fee," said Mr. Murray. "This report has been circulated freely. There is absolutely no admission fee or dues to be charged to any member. The Pyramid Players has been organized to promote dramatics of the highest type at the college and to co-operate as far as possible with the aims and purposes of the Little Theatre Movement. I strongly urge every student of the college interested in dramatics to enroll in one of the departments of the society."

RESIDUUM

President Coolidge, Henry Ford and Harvey Firestone were standing on the sidewalk on Exchange Place the other day, when "Frankie" Mac drove up to park his "fliv," which was equipped with Firestone tires.

Harvey stepped up and said to Mac. "Do you like Firestone tires?"

Mac answered in the affirmative and "Harv" remarked, "Well, I think they are pretty good, too, because you see, I am the man that makes them."

"Hen" Ford asked a few questions about the car, and when Mac assured him that he liked it, he said, "It is a very good car and you will like it I know; you see, I am the man that makes them."

This was a little too much for Mac:

"Say," he burst out, "what are you guys trying to hand me? The first thing I know that little shrimp will be telling me he is the President of the United States."

Station WAWA, broadcasting:

We will now play a few popular numbers, dedicated to a few well-known individuals:

First: "Where's my Sweetie Hiding," to Mr. Browning.

Next: "Oh! Those Eyes," to Jack Dempsey.

Third: "Bye, Bye Blackbird," to Al Jolson.

Lastly: "Horses, Horses, Horses," to the Latin classes.

Prof.: "What is Major Logic?"

Willing Junior: "A comic character, appearing in the daily papers."

Answers received in the first exam. in the Freshman classes:

"An oxygen has eight sides."

"A demagogue is a vessel from which one drinks beer."

"A circle is a rounded straight line, bent so that the ends meet."

"An insect can be killed by pinching its borax."

"The Pyramids divide France and Spain."

"A goat is about as big as a sheep, if the sheep is big enough. A female goat is called a buttress, a little goat is called a goatee. Goats are very useful for eating things."

KAMPUS KRACKS

"You're going to the dogs," said Nero as he threw a bone on the floor.

"I'll give you a ring sometime," said the planter as he stroked the slave's nose.

"Rome was all burnt up over Nero's fiddling."

"I'm going down to have my teeth cleaned, tartar."

BOYHOOD DAYS

As I sit tonight, to my heart's delight

I see those days of yore.

Through a dim-like haze, those boyhood days

Come back to me, once more.

There were Pete and Jim, and Tom and Tim,

And Bill and me, and Jack.

And the kid up the street with dirty feet,

The one, that "minded" the shack.

That shack in the lots, where we layed the plots

For raids on apples and pears.

And the stories we told—we hunters bold—

Of catching lions and bears.

They were the best, but they've gone with the rest,

Those days of joys and fears.

When a kid with a knife was your friend for life,

Through all your laughter and tears.

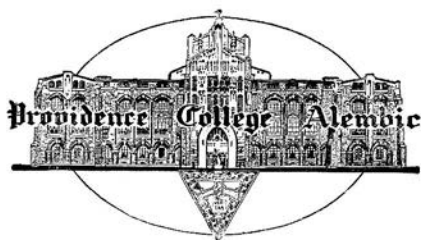
And though they've gone, there lingers on

A picture not dimmed by years.

How I'd give all I'd earn to try to learn

The way to wiggle my ears.

Henry Kaveny, '27.



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Henry Kaveny, '27

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J. Austin Carroll, 28

It seems to us most fitting that a holiday set apart for the offering of thanks should occur in the month of November. For in that month the world is, as the cartoonists have it, at its worst. The clear blue of the October sky has faded into a dull, leaden gray; fogs arise in the morning and enshroud all that remains of the beauty of summer in a veil of mournful mist; cold rains dampen our cloth-

ing and our spirits as well. As a result men are apt to forget the glory that was June and the grandeur that was July, to grumble at the weather, unmindful of the gifts which they have received during the year. To recall these blessings to their minds, to move them to some expression of gratitude, this is the purpose of Thanksgiving.

What a vast amount we have, even the humblest of us, for which to be thankful. The mere fact of our existence, a gift for which our most sincere words of gratitude are but sorry payment, should cause us to utter countless prayers of thanksgiving, not only once a year, but daily. Our consciousness, our reasoning powers which raise us above the level of the beasts and occasionally vouchsafe us glimpses of the Divine, these are not to be lightly passed over. Health if we have it, the hope of health if we have it not, these, too, must be taken into account. An enumeration of our reasons for the offering of thanks might well consume the time between now and Thanksgiving and leave us no space for the proper object of the day, the giving of thanks.

These few words concerning the holiday may seem unnecessary and platitudinous. But the primary failing of the present age is to disregard essential and to consider accidental qualities only. We are prone to lose sight of the real significance of the days we celebrate and to look upon them merely as opportunities for further amusement. Thus we make of New Year's an occasion for riotous merry-making, of Easter Sunday a day set apart for the display of new wearing apparel, of Christmas an orgy of buying and exchanging presents. In like manner we have come to consider Thanksgiving as an opportunity for enjoying a well-cooked turkey dinner, unmindful of the privation and suffering in which it had its origin. We write, therefore, not with the intention of expressing any new thought on the subject, but rather of calling to mind the original and oft-forgotten meaning of the word "Thanksgiving." If we have succeeded in doing so, we have then one more item to swell our list of things for which we are grateful.

CULTURE AND THE COLLEGE

The college man of today differs from the college man of twenty-five years ago in as great a degree as the latter differed from the preparatory school student of that time. This difference is mainly one of culture.

The college student of twenty-five years ago was well read in

both the classics and the literature of the period. He was able to talk intelligently upon any subject and, according to all reports, frequently did so. His manners were irreproachable and his conduct and bearing fitted him to appear in any rank of society.

The modern collegian satisfies his craving for literature with occasional glances at the morning tabloids and, when he is feeling particularly intelligent, with a story or two from a popular weekly. He is able to converse brilliantly about his favorite cigarette or automobile, the most popular moving-picture actress or athletic hero and the reasons for his failure to pass the course in Economics. Try him on any subject requiring a greater amount of intelligence than these and his reply will be to question your sanity in no unmistakable terms. His manners, well—"de mortuis nil nisi bonum."

Explanations for this decline of culture have been offered and needless to say, they are many and various. Our own theory is that the college is at present in a stage of transition between the finishing point in a man's educational career which it once was and the preparatory school for the university which it is becoming. The desire for specialization has made it necessary for the student who aspires to success in any of the professions to supplement his college course with two, three or four years in a graduate school. Realizing this, he does not take his four years at college and their cultural aspect as seriously as did his predecessor who knew them to be his final years of instruction.

It is readily seen that remedies for such a situation are not easy to find. While conditions remain as they are, we must learn, unfortunately, to expect less of our colleges and to look to our universities for cultural salvation.

College Chronicle

Senior Election

At the first meeting of the Senior class for the present scholastic year, Thomas H. "June" Bride, popular football star and chairman of last year's Junior Prom Committee, was elected president. The position of vice president was conferred on James P. Morley of Norwich. For secretary, the class selected Eugene J. Sullivan, prominent in the Debating Society and circulation manager of the *Alembic*. Raymond J. Doyle, star of the baseball team for the past three years and captain-elect of next year's nine, was chosen treasurer. The great popularity enjoyed by these officers portends a year of such success as to constitute a fitting climax to the glorious college career of the class of 1927.

Junior Election

Charles D. Driscoll, of Pawtucket, was re-elected president of the class of 1928 at the first meeting which the class held as Juniors. To support Mr. Driscoll in the various undertakings contemplated by the class for the current year, the following were chosen: Vice President, Fred M. Langton; Secretary, James E. McDonald; Treasurer, Leo P. Reardon.

Sophomore Election

The Sophomore class, at its first meeting of the year, elected Nicholas J. Serror as its president. T. J. Curley was elected vice president in a close contest. The positions of secretary and of treasurer were won by J. C. Hanley and W. J. Vine, respectively.

Freshman Election

Organizing for the first time as a college unit, the class of 1930 elected the following officers for the year: President, Francis Hackett; Vice President, James Deery; Secretary, Robert D. Sullivan; Treasurer, Doniel D. Young. The election was closely contested and the spirit manifested by this class promises great things for it.

**Debating
Society**

Reorganizing for what promises to be the most successful year in its history, the Debating Society honored Stephen M. Murray, its most active member and one of the best orators ever developed at the college, with the office of President. J. Austin Carroll, upholder of the honor of the Junior class in things forensic, was named vice president. Cyril A. Costello and Eugene J. Sullivan, both Seniors and very active in the activities of the society, were chosen secretary and treasurer respectively.

Communications from several eastern and western colleges have been received and it seems very probable that several intercollegiate debates will be arranged before the year is over. The program of the society calls for one or two interclass debates every month. With the support which this activity deserves from the student body, we would have a Debating Society equal to any in the East.

Orchestra

Under the faculty supervision of Father F. J. Baeszler, O. P., the college orchestra is practicing faithfully in anticipation of an active season. Several tentative engagements have been arranged for concerts in New York City as well as in many cities nearer home. The unit made its first appearance of the year at the annual football night on Oct. 29.

Glee Club

What promises to be the biggest and best Glee Club in the history of the college has begun regular rehearsals for a very active program of activity which is being arranged by Father Baeszler as faculty director.

**Football
Night**

The eve of the big game of the season was chosen as a fitting time to hold the annual football night and Freshman reception. The affair was arranged under the auspices of a committee of the Senior class, and was very successful in engendering enthusiasm in the student body and the Freshman class in particular. Much credit is due the committee and especially its chairman, Cyril A. Costello, for the manner in which the very interesting program was arranged.

T. Russell McGrath, '27.

Alumni Notes

At the national convention of alumni recently held in Philadelphia, Providence College was represented by Allan O'Donnell, '26; George McCarthy, '24, and John F. Streker, '26.

Our sincerest condolences are extended to the wife and family of one of the greatest athletes ever to wear the Black and White, Arthur Brickley. Because of failing health, he was obliged to seek rest at his brother's home in Nahant, Mass. Here he succumbed to a serious illness on August 6th of the present year, mourned by all who knew him personally and by many who knew him only through his athletic prowess, but who could not help admiring his clean sportsmanship and indomitable spirit.

1923

Our heartiest congratulations are offered to Joseph Fogarty and Mrs. Fogarty upon the birth of a daughter.

1924

Justin McCarthy, A. B., has recently transferred to Fordham Law School.

We take this opportunity of congratulating Mr. and Mrs. John O'Neil on the birth of their daughter.

1925

Our heartfelt sympathy is offered to Mr. Earle Ford upon the death of his father.

Francis J. McGee, Ph. B., is pursuing a course in law at Boston University.

John J. Baglini received the degree of Master of Education from the Boston College Graduate School, and is now serving as substitute instructor in the Boston public high schools.

1926

We extend our sincere condolences to Cosmo Mangione upon the death of his mother and to John O'Brien upon the death of his father.

Joseph A. Rooney has matriculated at Georgetown University Law School.

Leo J. Tessier is preparing for an M. D. at McGill University, Montreal, Canada.

Francis J. McKenna, '27.



VERMONT VS. PROVIDENCE

at Cycledrome, October 16, 1926

Flashing a brilliant attack, Providence swept the University of Vermont off its feet to score a 21 to 0 victory at the Cycledrome in one of the best exhibitions of open football seen in this city in some time.

The Dominicans overwhelmed the Green Mountain outfit and not once during the whole afternoon was Coach McAvoy's aggregation able to get within striking distance of the Providence goal. The Golemkeskie-trained athletes dented the Catamounts' line almost at will, and uncorked a fine overhead game that netted two touchdowns and which paved the way for a third. Passes also took the ball inside Vermont's five-yard stripe twice, where its forward progress was halted, once by the Vermont line holding for downs and the other time when the final whistle blew as Johnnie Dubieny was preparing to crash his way over.

Junie Bride and Heck Allen were the backfield aces of the Black and White. Bride made several fine runbacks of punts, and passed and received forwards like an All-American. Bride tallied twice, once when he gathered in a pass from Allen and ran the remaining 15 yards to the goal line, and again when he crashed through the line for three yards for the second score.

Allen ran, passed and kicked in excellent style, and never failed to gain once he started on a line crash or a sweeping end run. In the second period he made a remarkable run when he burst through tackle, twisted his way past the Vermont secondaries and raced for

30 yards, but as the referee penalized the Dominicans on the play for a back in motion the run was wasted.

The finest feature of the game from a team standpoint was the remarkable showing of the substitute line that Golembeskie hurled into the tilt. With Spencer Sullivan, regular guard, out with an infected arm, and Zande, the other husky lineman, suffering from a weak ankle, the mentor started two of his promising subs, who proved to be real finds. John Russo, who served as a substitute end last fall, went in at right guard, while Dave Adair, who aspired for a half-back assignment at the start of the season, was given the job on the other side of the centre. Both came through with flying colors and Russo made several spectacular tackles. Elmer Kenyon, a 160-pound tackle from Ware, went into the fray at the left tackle position. Kenyon ripped big holes in the Vermonters' line whenever the Dominican backfield launched an attack through his side, and on the defense was as solid as a rock. Fanning, the Cumberland star, handled a tackle position in fine fashion. The game was hardly three minutes old before the locals registered their first marker. After the Vermonters had returned the kickoff by punting on the third play to Bride on the Providence 40-yard stripe, Willard, who was starting his first college game, fumbled, and Candon recovered for the visitors.

Conway, the scrappy signal barker for the Green Mountain outfit, picked up five yards on a line smash, but on the next play Kenyon broke through and threw Scutakes for a three-yard loss. After a pass was knocked down by Allen, Smith, rugged fullback for McAvoy's aggregation, dropped back to punt. Adair and Russo, new guards, proved their worth when they crashed through the line and blocked the kick. The ball bounded back towards the Vermont goal and in the race to recover it Adair proved to be the fastest, falling on the ball for a Providence first down on the visitors 34-yard stripe.

After Allen had picked up four yards on a line buck, he dropped back on the following play and shot a forward to Junie Bride, who had raced to the left side of the field which was completely unguarded by the Vermonters, and romped across the final tape for the first score. Allen dropkicked the extra point.

After an exchange of punts following the succeeding kick-off, the Dominicans started another attack. With the ball in midfield, Willard proved his versatility by shooting an accurate pass into Captain Murphy's arms for a 15-yard gain.

Soon after the start of the second period the locals registered

their second score as the result of a fine aerial attack. After Bride had run back Smith's punt from his own 25-yard stripe to midfield he started to use the overhead route to advantage. The first pass attempted, a long one to Capt. Murphy failed, but on the next play he shot the ball into the waiting arms of Heck Allen, 20 yards away, who ran to the Vermont seven-yard line before he was stopped by Capt. Denning. An attempted pass over the line failed when one of the Vermont secondary men interfered with the receiver of the aerial. A penalty put the ball on the one-yard line and Bride crashed across to boost the Dominicans' score to 13 points. Allen contributed the additional point.

Shortly after Chuck Connors intercepted a Vermont aerial and ran to the visitors' 20-yard marker before being overtaken, but Winchenback, aggressive tackle for the Catamounts, intercepted a Providence pass a few moments later.

The Black and White athletes got their last score in the final period. Smith kicked from behind his own goal line to Dalton, who ran the ball back from the Vermont 40 to the 25-yard line. A short pass from Bourdeau to Allen gave the Troy flash a chance to get away from the heavy Vermonters and he raced across the goal line unhindered. He added the point by dropping his third successful kick from the 15-yard stripe.

Not content with their showing the Dominicans tried to boost the count on the succeeding plays, and they nearly added another touchdown in the closing minutes. Providence kicked off to the visitors and John Baeszler stopped Smith in his tracks. After failing to gain, the Vermonter kicked to Dalton, who ran the ball to the invaders' 35-yard marker from his own 40-yard stripe. With two minutes to play Allen passed to Dalton, who caught the ball and ran to the 16-yard line. A short pass from Bourdeau to Novakoski, a new backfield man, brought the ball to the two-yard line. Dubienny, the Durfee high fullback, who turned in some fine work during the fray, collected one yard in his first try at the line, but as he prepared to dent the Vermont forward wall the second time the whistle ended the game.

A summary of the forward passes completed by the Dominicans shows that they gained over 225 yards via the overhead route in 18 attempts.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE	VERMONT
MURPHY (Capt.), l. e.	r. e., SIMPSON
KENYON, l. t.	r. t., WINCHENBACH
ADAIR, l. g.	r. g., PALMER
CONNORS, c.	c., O'KEEFE
J. RUSSO, r. g.	l. g., KROPPER
FANNING, r. t.	l. t., (Capt.) DENNING
SMITH, r. e.	l. e., MORSE
BRIDE, q. b.	q. b., CONWAY
WILLARD, r. h. b.	l. h. b., J. SCUTAKES
ALLEN, l. h. b.	r. h. b., CANDON
LEWIS, f. b.	f. b., SMITH

Score by periods:	1	2	3	4
PROVIDENCE COLLEGE	7	7	0	7-21
VERMONT	0	0	0	0-0

Touchdowns—Bride 2, Allen. Points after touchdowns—Allen 3 (drop-kicks). Substitutions: Providence—Dalton for Willard, Nawrocki for Kenyon, Keblinsky for J. Russo, Watterson for Connors, Koreywo for Adair, J. Russo for Adair, Dubieny for Lewis, Ritter for Koreywo, Bourdeau for Bride, Charles Murphy for Capt. Murphy, J. J. Russo for Smith, Baeszler for Fanning, Novakoski for Allen. Vermont—Williamson for Scutakes, Damon for Candon, Thorn for J. Scutakes, McGinley for O'Keefe, Matiguy for Kropper, Robinson for Winchenbach, Leary for Simpson, Garipay for Palmer. Officials: Referee—E. G. Haggood. Umpire—G. T. White. Head Linesman—W. E. Jameson. Time—Four 12-minute periods.

ST. JOHN'S VS. PROVIDENCE

at the Cycledrome, October 23, 1926

After Providence College, undefeated in its football campaign this fall, had taken an early 6 to 0 lead over the heavy St. John's College outfit from Brooklyn, N. Y., yesterday afternoon at the Cycledrome, and was apparently headed for its fourth straight triumph, Captain Weiss arose from the St. John's bench and stepped into the fray to give his team one of the greatest exhibitions of fighting spirit ever seen around here, and when the final count was announced the invaders were even with the Dominicans with the score resting at 6 points apiece.

Providence was outweighed at least 10 pounds to a man, but in spite of this handicap they showed enough power and fight at the start of the game to carry them through their opponents for substantial gains. As the tilt grew older their aggressiveness grew weaker and was dimmed by the "never-say-die" spirit of the invaders. The defensive work of Connors staved off many a first down. In the

fourth period he ran over 30 yards to pull down Murtha, who had plucked a forward out of the air and was headed for open field and a touchdown.

St. John's produced the two "aces" of the day in Salemi, a husky halfback, who kicked, ran and passed with great success, and Captain Weiss, whose line plunging was responsible for the tying points. Salemi tossed his passes with an accuracy that bordered on the phenomenal, and although the Dominicans boast a fine attack via the overhead route, they were outshone by the visitors from the City of Churches yesterday.

The Dominicans started with a zest that made the game appear like an easy Providence victory. After an exchange of kicks the locals started a drive that was resistless. Allen and Bourdeau collected a first down, bringing the ball to the visitors' 49-yard stripe, and a few moments later Allen picked up five more yards and Lewis crashed through for another first down. Then the forward pass attack was trotted out with Bride shooting the leather to Allen for a 20-yard advance. Another aerial from Allen to Murphy netted 14 more yards. Bourdeau clicked off a nice run to the invaders' five-yard tape, and after Lewis had pushed his way to the three-yard line, Bourdeau raced around left end aided by perfect interference and crossed the goal line standing up. Allen's attempt to kick the goal went astray, the ball going high in the air in front of the posts. The impressive attack of the Smith Hillers in this advance made the loss of the point after the goal seem of little consequence, but as the fray advanced it soon became apparent that the little extra marker would have been mighty helpful if it had been registered.

On the kickoff at the start of the third period Capt. Murphy was injured but refused to leave the game. His fighting spirit was the high-light in the Dominican team and had his mates shown as much aggressiveness the laurels would have rested on Smith Hill.

Soon after this quarter had begun, the hero of the tilt, Capt. Weiss of the Brooklyn team, raced out on the field to take his place at fullback. Weiss was severely injured in the Holy Cross game, and since then the St. John's attack has been egligent. But with the arrival of this 210 pounds of grit and ability, the invaders opened up with an enthusiastic offence that was relentless, while they also presented a stonewall defence whenever the Dominicans held the ball. Crashing through the line, plunging through the tackles, forward

passing far down the field, the combination of Weiss and Salemi proved to be a threat that the locals could not check.

The latter part of the third period and the first part of the last quarter saw the pigskin see-sawing up and down the midfield territory with neither team having the advantage, but with the invaders showing strength enough to stop any advances that the Dominicans attempted to promote.

As the end of the quarter approached the Maroon outfit, imbued with a desire to defeat their rivals, opened up with the attack that gave them six points, which was enough to tie the count. An exchange of punts brought the leather to midfield with St. John's in possession of it. Two short passes gave the Brooklynites a first down on the Providence 35-yard stripe. Two passes failed and the ball was moved back to the 40-yard marker.

On a fake kick formation the outfit from New York caught the Dominican secondary defence napping and a long aerial went flying from Salemi into the waiting hands of Murtha who had raced into open field off left end. "Chuck" Connors, sensing the play, left his post back of the line and raced far down the field to pull down Murtha before the latter could start his dash for the Black and White's goal-line. It was a pretty play on the part of the visitors and had it not been for the fine bit of work on the part of the local's diminutive centre they would have had an easy touchdown.

Another aerial, this time a short one, netted seven yards and on the following play the mighty Weiss carried the leather to the Dominicans' one-yard tape. With frantic cries of "Hold them, Providence," echoing across the 'drome, the Golembeskie-trained huskies rose to the occasion temporarily and held in check all line thrusts. First, Weiss was stopped for no gain, and then Capt. Murphy rushed in to drop his husky rival in his tracks for the second down. On the third thrust through the Dominican defence, Salemi, the spectacular halfback, crashed under the pile to register the touchdown. With the stage set for a win, Capt. Weiss dropped back to drop-kick the extra point, but a bad pass from the centre, coupled with a poor boot on the part of the Maroon leader, sent the ball crashing into a score of outstretched Dominican arms.

On the following kick-off Szydla ran to his own 40-yard marker

Providence College Alembic

and with but 20 seconds to play, a long aerial from Allen to Capt. Murphy was intercepted on the St. John 20-yard line by Larkin. The final whistle put an end to any further activities and the Dominicans retained an undefeated record, while the Brooklynites accomplished their purpose to hold Providence.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE	ST. JOHN'S			
MURPHY (Capt.), l. e.	r. e.,	SCHRAUTHER		
SPRING, l. t.	r. t.,	MOTTEY		
ADAIR, l. g.	r. g.,	MAHON		
CONNORS, c.	c.,	GALLAGHER		
J. RUSSO, r. g.	l. g.,	GREENBERG		
NAWROCKI, r. t.	l. t.,	FALUSSEY		
SMITH, r. e.	l. e.,	BLEI		
BRIDE, q. b.	q. b.,	MURTHA		
ALLEN, l. h. b.	r. h. b.,	SALEMI		
BOURDEAU, r. h. b.	l. h. b.,	CLYNICK		
LEWIS, f. b.	f. b.,	PAULONIS		
Score by periods	1	2	3	4
PROVIDENCE	6	0	0	0-6
ST. JOHN'S	0	0	0	6-6

Touchdowns—Bourdeau, Salemi. Substitutions: Providence—White for Lewis, Baeszler for Spring, Szydla for Bourdeau, Dubienny for White, Zande for Adair, Donnelly for Baeszler, Watterson for Connors; St. John's—Buckley for Clynick, Smith for Blei, Larkin for Murtha, Weiss for Paulonis, Fitzpatrick for Drum, Helmer for Mottey. Officials—W. H. Shupert, Brown, referee; C. E. Boston, umpire; F. Hoey, head linesman. Time—Four 12-minute periods.

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